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PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, MAY,

WAS SHE GUILTYP

BY J. MARSDEN SUTCLIFFE,

BEING ONE OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES ENTITLED

THE ROMANCE OF AN INSURANCE OFFICE. BASED UPON PASSAGES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM WEBBER, Formerly General Manager of the Universal Insurance Company.

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CONCLUDED.

As Colonel West passed from the room, after dealing out to Mrs. Macdonald the terrible accusation that she was engaged in practising against the life of her husband, encountered in the veranda that ran round the building the faithful Ali Sen, the Major's servant, bearing in his hand a steaming bowl of rich savory soup which he

had prepared for his sick master The Colonel was, ordinarily, the least suspicious of mortals, but when once the demon of doubt obtained possession of his mind it was not to be easily exorcised. It flashed upon him suddenly as a possibility that the man might be in league with his mistress in a scheme to abbreviate the life of Major Macdonald, and, quick as thought, he resolved to put his new suspicion immediately to the proof. Turning fiercely on the Hindoo he abruptly demanded for whom "that mess" was intended, and learning that Ali had prepared it for the Major by Mrs. Macdonald's orders, Colonel West, fixing the

"It smells good," said the Colonel, as he seated himself and prepared to attack the savory 'brew." "If it only tastes as good as it smells it will be capital."

If Ali Sen expected that the Colonel would have contented himself with one or would have contented himself with one or two sips of the beverage he was disap-pointed. Colonel West began his experi-ment cautiously, as, indeed, he had need to do, seeing that the beverage which Ali had prepared was piping hot. But, to the in-tense satisfaction of the Hindoo, he turned each spoonful over his palate with the gusto of an epicure enjoying his favorite dish, though there was an ominous frown upon his brow. The Colonel, in fact, was purzled. He could detect nothing objectionable in the taste, and electing to go through his part to the end, he did not pause until the whole was swallowed, when he quietly handel the waste hand to the contract the swall was swallowed. handed the empty bowl to Ali Sen, remark-ing with significant emphasis as he did so:

ing with significant emphasis as he did so:

"The Major ought to get well quickly on that. The flavor is excellent, and reflects great credit on your cooking."

Another profound salaam from the Hindoo greeted this observation, as the man receiving back the empty bowl retired to the servants' quarters, to prepare another portion for the sick Major.

Happily the Colonel suffered no ill effects from the experiment he had made upon himself, a circumstance that perplexed him not a little, and left him wondering at what point in its transition from the servants' quarters to the Major's bedside the sick man's food was tampered with. That it was adulterated with some slow poison be fore it reached the Major's lips was clear as daylight to the Colonel's mind.

As soon as the man had retired, Colonel West paid a visit to his friend's sick room.

A chill struck the heart of the brave soldier, as at one glance his eye took in the ravages which the mysterious malady had worked on the powerful, herculean frame of Major Macdonald. The Major, who was attired in civilian dress, lay extended on a couch scarcely able to move hand or foot. A clammy perspiration covered his face, and hung from his pallid lips. He complained much of feeling cold, though a num-ber of warm rugs were piled upon him, and of a terrible nausea, with burning heat and constriction in his throat. circulation was languid and poor, and his clothes hung baggy and loose upon his shrunken limbs. The Colonel made no pre-tense to a knowledge of medicine, but as he listened once more while his friend detailed the symptoms of the mysterious malady that had brought him so low, he could not resist the conviction that, although many of the symptoms described might be traced to that disorganized state of the liver from which so many Anglo-Indians suffer, the disease was not running an ordinary course; in short, that his friend was being slowly done to

Colonel West, however, wisely kept the suspicions that were working in his mind from the Major's knowledge. He sat by his bedside pouring words of cheer into his ear, which the Major, to do him justice, was not slow to accept and respond to; affirming that although he felt as 'weak as a cat' there was nothing the matter which a sea voyage to England and a short furlough on the br meors and hillsides of Clansyde in his native Scotland would not soon put to rights. Colonel West considered that he, at any rate, possessed better reasons for the confiwhich the Major felt in his own re-

"Egad," he murmured to himself as he went away to his own quarters, leaving the Major inclined to sleep, "he will get better fast enough now-never fear! His wife will not dare to go on with her fiendish design now that she knows that she is sus-pected and watched. As for Ali, he will put no native's poison in the messes he makes, when he knows that I may spring upon him at any moment unawares and want to drink the lot myself." And the Colonel chuckled as his mind conjured up the humor that was blended with the

tragedy of the situation.
Whether the Colonel's suspicions were well or ill-founded, it was certainly singular that the anticipations he had formed of the recovery of his friend were justified in an altogether remarkable way. From the day when he interfered, as he afterward put the matter, "to save the life of my friend," Major Macdonald began to mend. He ceased to complain of being chilled. The nausea and that terrible burning heat in his throat, which had destroyed his save his throat, which had destroyed his appe-tite and rendered the passage of food pain-ful to him, soon left him. His appetite re-turned, and as soon as he was able to enjoy his meals with his wonted relish he began to put on flesh and his strength returned to gradually, so that when the news came the furlough he had applied for had been granted he was able to make the neces-

been granted ne was able to make the neces-sary arrangements for his departure himself. And what of the beautiful siren who had drawn down upon herself the dark suspicions of Colonei West? Day and night she hung round the couch of her husband with a wifely devotion that touched the simple heart of the Major even more deeply than her beauty had in former days fascinated him. He was proud of her beauty still, and fondly doted on each peerless charm of hers, as she smoothed his pillows for him, or with ensy grace and noiseless step moved about the apartment making some new arrange-ment for his comfort. She declined all as-sistance in her self-imposed task of duty and affection, except that of the faithful Ali. Ali prepared his food under her superintendence, but she allowed no other hand than her own to administer it to her hus-

he declared were little better than the ravings of insanity. The solicitous anxiety displayed by Mrs. Macdonald for her husband's recovery, and her refusal to quit his side even to obtain for herself the repose that her long vigil made necessary in the interests of her own health, so completely won upon Dr. Esmead that he testily declared that the Colonel was an old fool, who, because his wife nursed a prejudice toward a beautiful young woman, must needs make matters worse by indulging in the foulest suspicions.

But the Colonel was not disposed to be set

But the Colonel was not disposed to be set down in this matter.

"I know her to be an unprincipled adventuress to begin with," he said, "who came to us under false pretenses. Her sister was engaged by Lady Kingsbury as Mrs. West's companion, and when she happened to fall ill on the eve of the day appointed for her sailing by the Mysore, what does this artful jade do but steal away from home and take her sister's place, leaving behind her a note to say that she had done so? Could anything be more unprincipled for a young woman respectably brought up to do?"

"But there is a long step between obtain-

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donald's orders, Colonel West, fixing the man with a penetrating glance from his deeply-set eyes, quietly remarked:

"Then I think I will taste the soup, if yon have no objections, Ali," and without waiting for a reply he took the soup from the man's hands.

"The sahib is welcome to my poor efforts," the Hindoo said, making a profound saliam as he surrendered the decoction.

"The soup is good, as the sahib will find."

There was a garden seat in the veranda, on which the Colonel immediately seated himself.

"But there is a long step between obtaining a situation on false pretenses and murder," Dr. Esmead replied.

"Granted for the sake of argument," returned the Colonel, "but unfortunately she does not stop at that. She bolsters up her fraud with all kinds of specious lying, and artfully ensnares Macdonald with the glamour of her wonderful beauty, thinking because he is the Laird of Clansyde he is a man of wealth and position, little dreaming that Clansyde brings the most meager return imaginable. When she finds that she is deceived, or rather that she has deceived herself about our poor friend's monetary poherself about our poor friend's monetary po-sition, what does she do next? She creates a scene with her husband, and at her insti-gation poor Mac draws upon his savings to insure his life for a large sum, out of all character with his means. Mark my words, character with his means. Mark my words, as soon as Mack returns to Aurungwallah, having effected that insurance in Calentta with the Universal, his health begins to decline. He has the first day's illness he has ever known in his life."

"Well, a man must begin to be ill some

"Well, a man must begin to be ill some time," remarked Dr. Esmead, in an aggrieved tone.

"You call it liver," continued the Colonel, passing by the interruption. "It is singular that his liver begins to mend as soon as Mrs. Macdonald accompanies my wife to these infernal hills, leaving him behind in Aurungwallah, and it is more singular still that as soon as Mac comes here and joins his wife he starts with his liver again. I thought you sent him here to yet better of thought you sent him here to get better of

that."
"So I did," answered the doctor.
"Well, he didn't," returned the Colonel
hotly. "He got worse instead, till I thought
he would have died. Then I told his wife
that if anything happened to him questions
would be asked which would have to be an-

"And you-? You are under the spell of her beauty and cannot see how damning is the case against her."

The health of Major Macdonald was fairly established when he embarked on the Tanjore, accompanied by his beautiful wife and attended by the faithful Ali, to set sail for England. Colonel West, who had come on board to take leave of his friend, whom he had learned to love as a brother, could not repress a feeling of misgiving as he contrasted the burly form of Hector Macdonald as he had known him a few short months ago, and the bowed and feeble-looking man who, though pronounced convalescent, looked prematurely aged by the terrible illness through which he had passed. His misgivings were not allayed as he looked upon the beautiful face of the handsom woman who was hanging on the arm of her husband in an attitude of bewitching trust and tenderness. Never had she looked more ravishingly beautiful than now, as, with heightened color and tall, erect, regal figure, she looked every inch a queen, and cast on Colonel West a look of proud dis-

dain. Since the day when he had so broadly hinted that she might be charged with being accessory to the death of her husband if he chanced to die under her care, they had never met until now. The Colonel had been a constant visitor on his friend through his illness, but whenever he called Mrs. Macdonald would quit her sick husband's chamber by one door as he entered the room by the other. Now that they met at last she returned his salutation with studied coldness, and except from the occasional flashing of her wonderful dark eyes in defiant scorn, and the haughty curl of her dewy lip, she betrayed no other sign of inter-est in his presence. For the first time in his life Colonel West felt that he looked small in a woman's eyes. But his uppermost feel-ing was of sorrow at parting from his friend ing was of sorrow at parting from his friend and concern for him. "What," he found himself thinking—"what if this determination of Macdonald's to take a long furlough in England proves to be the chance for which his wife is looking, to carry the scheme to a successful issue which has been interested by a partitude which has been

He had lately lighted, too, on what he deemed fresh confirmation of madame's guilt. The Macdonalds had left the hill station to make preparations for their de-parture for England some days earlier than Colonel West and his wife, Their departure from what Colonel West firmly believed to be the scene of a contemplated tragedy had been the signal for the unloosening of the tongues of every native in the settlement. There were rumors, at first vague, but growing more and more certain in their tenor, of the settlement of the settlement. kisses and caresses between the beautiful Mrs. Macdonald and the faithful Ali, and

some rumers went so far as to hint at more sinful dalliance still. "Then they are in league, as I thought they were," exclaimed the Colonel, hastily jumping to conclusions when his wife intermed him of the stories that were current in the station. He had anxiously asked himself since, whether it was not his duty to make a full disclosure of what he had heard, and of his own suspicions to the Major before bidding him farewell, but he had reached no definite conclusion until he arrived at the ship. Then, when he looked on the face of his friend gleaming with love and trust and complete satisfaction, as he gazed on the face of his wife who had given herself in all the full ripe charms of her perfect beauty to a battered, warrior of mature age who had spent all his active life as a soldier in the East, he felt that even if he had more reasons to allege in favor of his

availing himself of the chance thus afforded, availing himself of the chance thus afforded, he sought an interview with the captain, to whom after swearing him to secrecy, he confided his suspicions. Captain Elseover was a quick judging man of the world, to whose lot had fallen many strange vicissitudes, in which he had seen something of the worst as well as of the best of human character, under the most unlikely circumstances, was so impressed with the Colonel's narrative that he readily understook to intervene if Major Maedonald's health underwent and decline while on board the Tanjore.

derwent and decline while on board the Tanjore.

"But look here," he said to Colonel West, during one of the pauses in the conversation, "why don't you write to the insurance company and place them, on their guard? You have plenty of time, to do it now. We shall be kept here four or five hours yet, and here are paper, pens and ink."

But the Colonel drew back from this pro-posal. "Prevention is better than cure," he quoted. "The Insurance Company could not meddle with such a case until interference came too late."

"There is something in that, no doubt," said the Captain, "but we had better leave them to decide. They may be able to concert measures of which we know nothing. If you will write I will see the letter is delivered."

Here was an opportunity to do something —something which might discomfit Mrs. Macdonald's schemes it after the warning

to prosecute inquiries nearer home. He soon had the satisfaction of learning that the travelers had not reached Paris, nor so far as could be ascertained had they set foot anywhere on French soil. The attempt to leave a false seent behind had failed.

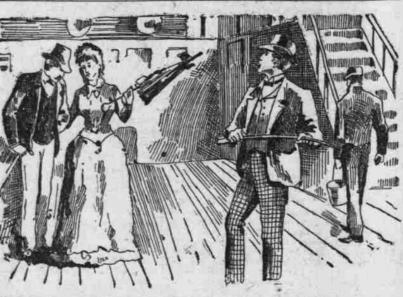
Notwithstanding this, the Macdonalds, intentionally or unconsciously, had managed to surround their retreat with much mystery. Many precious weeks were lost before the detectives succeeded in striking the trail. The authorities were communicated with at the Horse Guards, but they knew nothing of the Major's whereabouts. He had paid a complimentary call on the Commander-in-Chief on the day of his arrival in England, but beyond that nothing was known.

val in England, but beyond that nothing was known.

In whatever direction Doggett bent his steps, the result was ever the same. He could come across no trace of the Major, though he hunted down Macdonalds galore, tracked Majors accompanied by handsome women by the dozen, ran down and laid siege in turn to every haunt frequented by Anglo-Indians and followed up every scrap of information that had the figure of "a mild Hindoo" for its central fact. But all in vain. Strange to say, when he communicated with the Major's factor at Clansyde, the factor was not aware that the Major had left India. Baffled though he was at every turn, the detective never lost heart, though, with absolutely no clew to go upon, he found it difficult to devise new measures for discovering the Major's retreat, as each new Here was an opportunity to do something — something which might discomfit Mrs. Macdonald's schemes it after the warning she had had she ventured to return to them — something, too, which might result in bringing her guilt home and insuring that justice should be done if other precautions failed of their effect.

The Colonel accordingly spent the next few hours busily engaged in committing his narrative to writing, which Captain Elseover undertook to deliver privately into the hands of the manager of the Universal Insurance Company immediately upon his arrival in London.

Colonel West's conscience was satisfied at last that he at any rate had done all that lay within his power. He wished he could have done more—how many times afterward the same wish rose from his heart it would be hard to say! But, for the time, he was satisfied that he had done his best; for when he set about committing his story to writing he felt how painfully insufficient.



would be asked which would have to be answered. My God! you should have seen how that shot went home. There was guilt in her every attitude. But it anything had been wanted to show that my suspicions were justified it was supplied when he began to mend. There was no more sickness after that had been said in the ears of his wife for which an innocent woman would have torn me in pieces. She knew that the game was too dangerous to play, and she gave it up for no better reason."

"You are prejudiced, Colonel," said Dr. Esmead, when the Colonel had concluded

done what circumstances seemed to call for. and there was honest heartiness in his manner and honest cheerfulness in his face as on the deck of the Tanjore, and took his de-parture from the ship whose voyage might be fraught with consequences he dreaded to contemplate.

Captain Elseover was as good as his word. s soon as his ship touched the dock he ought out Mr. Webber at the office of the Universal Insurance Company, to whom he intrusted Colonel West's astonishing narrative, and Mr. Webber in his turn lost no time in placing the matter in the hands of the company's Inquiry Agent, Mr. Dog-

Captain Elseover's account of the voyage contributed little to the stock of informs tion. Major Macdonald, after suffering for several days from seasickness, which the effect of greatly reducing his newly acquired strength, and redoubling the Captain's watchfulness, as soon as he picked up his sea legs, made a surprising rally and had landed in England in better health than when he embarked.

"I don't want to prejudice Mrs. Macdon-ald by anything I say," Captain Elseover remarked, "but in justice to Colonel West you ought to know that the lady had no chance to play any tricks while with me. As soon as I missed Major Macdonald I paid him a visit, and when I found how matters stood, I insisted on having him atmatters stood, I insisted on having him attended to in my own way. I was not going
to have murder done on board my ship under cover of seasickness, if I could help it.
I contrived to have someone always with him
who was responsible to me. He was never
left day or night until he came round again. I made the best excuse I could to the lady, telling her that a ship's captain was th most despotic being on earth, and she sub-mitted. When the Major was able to leave his cabin he took his meals at table seated on my right and shared with me my own decanter, and as he never took any thing at other times, being a most abstemi-ons man, he could not be got at, even if the lady had been inclined to. About that, of course, I know nothing beyond Colonel West's statement."

So far satisfactory. The first thing to do was to ascertain the address to which the Major had gone after leaving the ship. This was supplied by Captain Elseover, and thus armed Doggett set out to make arrangements for watching their movements. But when Dozgett applied at the address with which he had been furnished he encountered his first theck. The Major and his wife had only stayed one night in the hotel. They had left that morning for Paris! By They had left that morning for Paris! By dint of persistency in his inquiries the detective learnt that this piece of information respecting their destination had been volunteered by the lady herself—a circumstance which at once placed Doggett on his guard. A plan of campaign had been agreed upon between the detective and Mr. Webber before the former set out on his mission, and his instructions were most precise. After ascertaining where Major and Mrs. Macdonald were staying, the detective was

Macdonald were staying, the detective was ordered to keep strict watch and pick up what information he could. In the event of Major Macdonald showing any signs of indisposition requiring the services of a physician, the name and residence of the physician were to be ascertained, whereupon physician were to be ascertained, whereupon Mr. Webber undertook to seek an interview with the physician, and after pledging him to secrecy, acquaint him with the facts that had come to his knowledge, and so place him on his guard against the possibility of malpractice. This scheme was well devised, depending only for its success on Doggett's success in "shadowing" the unfortunate Major and the syren whose beauty had woven a spell round him.

Doggett had now to decide whether he would follow the travelers to Paris or treat

rould follow the travelers to Paris or treat than her own to administer it to her husband.

Dr. Esmead, who had been sent for by Colonel West from Aurungwallah, and to whom the Colonel had committed his suspicions when he arrived a few days later, could find no ground for the charges, which

where he spent only one night after his arrival in England, and the services of Dr. Bland had been called into requisition on the night of his arrival in Brighton. "A typical Anglo-Indian—confirmed dyspeptic and advanced live disease," was the great physician's report of his patient, on whom he had remained in attendance until his removal from Brighton.

Doggett now turned his steps northward and arrived at Clansyde two days later, only

and arrived at Clansyde two days later, only to find that his labor was all in vain. Major Macdonald had breathed his last at York a fortnight ago, and had been interred in that historic city, and as soon as Mrs. Macdonald's strength would permit of her resuming her journey she might be expected to arrive at Clansyde. Such was the news communicated to him

by the intelligent factor Mr. McCallum.

Doggett made no delay in returning to town, to communicate the result of his labors to Mr. Webber, and to ask for fresh instructions. He broke his journey at York to discover whether the facts were as stated by the factor, and satisfied on this head re-sumed his journey without loss of time. But Mr. Webber was already in possession

of all the information that Doggett had gleaned before the detective's arrival. This information had come to him in the form of a claim on the Universal, forwarded with a respectable firm of solicitors in York, a respectable firm of solicitors in York, acting in behalf of the newly-made widow. The meager particulars which Doggett had succeeded in obtaining from Sir Marcus Bland, the Brighton physician, were far from satisfactory, but then they furnished sufficient data to show that the malady to which the Major had succumbed was in every essential feature similar in character to the illness which had so nearly reached a fatal termination in India when Colonel West jumped to the conclusion that his friend was being slowly done to death by a

slow poison.

Mr. Webber called into council as many of the directors of the Universal as could be got together on short notice, and after a long and anxious consultation they decided to refuse to admit the claim and to state their reason fairly, viz., that the deceased had met his death by unfair means.

It was originally suggested that the facts in possession of Mr. Webber should be communicated to the Coroner at York, with the wiew of obtaining an inquest on the re-mains, but the absence of Colonel West from England, and the difficulties surround-ing the case led the directors to take a course which would have the effect of either relieving them of their liability-an important point in the judgment of the di-rectors—or would compel Mrs. Macdonald to proceed by protracted litigation to enforce her claim, an expedient which would allow of Colonel West being communicated with.

An angry letter, written by the solicitors at York employed by Mrs. Maedonald, followed the refusal on the part of the Universal to meet the claim, in which the distressed condition of their client at the shame-ful imputation laid against her was skillfully set forth. But Mr. Webber refused to budge, simply naming the company's solic-itor and stating that he would accept service of writ on their behalf.

of writ on their behalf.

But if the directors of the Universal imagined that Mrs. Macdonald would be terrified by the bold front they had placed on matters, in refusing admission of her claim and imputing her husband's death to foul play, they were mistaken. Mrs. Macdonald was determined to fight the matter out, a circumstance that subsequently told heavily in her favor when the case went before a jury. The company's solicitor was served with a writ immediately after the receipt of Mr. Webber's letter, and the decks were at the case of for action. once cleared for action.

The company's solicitor at this time was

Mr. Kenneth Fruser, the story of whose tragic death, which occurred not many years afterward, has been told in the mystery at Clump Cottage. Doggett was at once dispatched to York to hunt up what information he could, while Mr. Kenneth Sir Marcus Binno, who had attended the deceased Major from the time of his arrival in England down to the period when he set out on his ill-fated journey northward to his Scottish home, to die, as it turned out,

when I saw him."

The detective spent some time looking up the chambermaids in the hotel where Major Macdonald had died; but the wonderful beauty of Mrs. Macdonald, her unexampled devotion, too, as a sick nurse, and her manifestations of poignant distress over his death (whether real or imaginary hung in doubt), had so completely won over the minds of the women to her side that Doggett's gleanings in this field were few and scanty.

Scanty.

One woman there was who proved more communicative than the rest, and out of her the detective contrived to worm some particle of the suspicions.

ticulars which aggravated the suspicions against the widow.

"Whatever the poor man took," said this woman, "seemed to disagree with him. He could keep nothing down."

"Did he complain of anything?" asked the detective.

"Did he camplain of anything?" asked the detective.

"Not in my hearing," was the response. "I have heard the others say that his thirst was something terrible, and that sometimes his sufferings were very trying. He had a good deal of pain, and he used to complain a good deal of a feeling in his throat as if he could not swallow."

But this hearsay evidence communicated from one woman to another did not help the case forward much. The symptoms might be compatible with a diseased condition well known to medical science. Indeed, on the assumption that the Major had died from a process of slow poisoning, was P not clear that the drug which had been given (whatever that might be) had the power of being able to simulate the effects of disease in an altogether remarkable way? Otherwise had were the conflict in medical testimony, which had occurred at the former trial, perplexed the mind of the court again. No actual poison was found in the body. Such altogether remarkable way? Otherwise how was it possible that the deceased Major should have been under the hands of three members of the faculty at different periods of time, and all of them have arrived at the same conclusion-that have arrived at the same conclusion—that his malady was strictly in accordance with medical experience? First of all Dr. Esmead in India, next Sir Marcus Bland at Brighton, and last of all Dr. Bedford at York, who had seen the patiently separately and independently at different stages of his malady, had all agreed that the effects from which he was suffering were to be ascribed to natural causes.

to natural causes.

Was she guilty? This question required to be faced when Doggett returned from

to be faced when Doggett returned from York with his report.

"If Colonel West's story did not bear on it the stamp of truth," said Mr. Webber, addressing Mr. Fraser, with whom he was closeted in a long and earnest consultation, "I should be disposed to think we have absolutely no case to go upon."

"It is a thousand pities this man West is not in England," returned Mr. Fraser. "If we had him here we should have some grounds which should justify us in moving the Home Secretary to order an exhumation of the remains, and a Coroner's inquest if the result of the post mortem required it."

It must be confessed that the Universal was in a singular dilemma. On the one hand they had nothing except the written narra-

to discussion by experts whether the symp-toms mentioned in Doggett's report, corre-sponding, as they did, with the symptoms manifested under like conditions in India, did not admit of an entirely different con-struction than that placed upon them by the English physicians. But the fact that Mr. Webber had been forewarned by Colonel West in his interesting narrative of what was likely to happen; and that Colonel West's sinister prophecy had been only too sadly fulfilled, justified Mr. Webber in his determination to abide by the course which he had pressed on his directors to fight the matter out to the last. There was an element of gambling in the decision, as Mr Webber frankly owned to Mr. Kenneth Fraser, seeing that they were playing a waiting game on the chance that Colonel West might yet arrive in time before the

Meanwhile preparations for the trial of the cause of Macdonald vs the Directors of the Universal Insurance Company went on uninterruptedly in both camps, and the prospects of both parties to the suit were eagerly canvassed in private medical circles, as the line of defense began to leak out. The Universal spent its money freely and employed its vast resources without stint in a cause which would involve them in a large money loss in the event of the day being decided against them.

But the Universal had even more sacred interests to defend. They realized that the wise and beneficent provisions for life assurance were in some rare cases apt to be misused for the basest purposes, as supplying motive for the perpetration of grave erime, and standing at the head of the offices, they refused to allow any reproach to attach to the principle of life assurance when it lay within their power to defeat the machinations of conspirators and bring the guilty to justice. In short, they stood for

the sanctity of human life.

They did not spend money in vain. They had two lines of defense to their action. First, with the best medical opinion at their service wherewith to instruct counsel, they expected to break down the medical evidence for the plaintiff in green armination. dence for the plaintiff in cross-examination, though this they knew would be difficult when a great reputation like that of Sir Marcus Bland's was at stake. But they calculated that they would be able to obtain such admissions of the course of the disease and the character of the symptons as would cologists in Europe into the witness box, who would at least so shake the faith of the jury in the plaintiff's case as to give a verdict against her, on the expert testimony of mer with a world-wide reputation on the subject of poisons they finally relied.

After long delays the great trial came off. The medical testimony was, as usual, of the most conflicting character. It is only fair to the reputation of Sir Marcus Blaud to say that his diagnosis of the case and his description of the course of the disease from which Major Macdonald died was so clear in its character, that no difficulty was ex-perienced on the part of the plaintiffs in putting into the box the foremost physicians of their time, who unhesitatingly declared that from the description given death was to be attributed to natural causes; though it was admitted in cross-examination many of the symptoms were such as might be met with if the deceased had been subected to a long course of irritant poison, administered in small and frequent doses. But the most overwhelming testimony was that given by the plaintiff herself, who ap-peared richly clad in expensive mourning, and a piquante widow's bonnet delicately tringed with white, which showed off to advantage the classic beauty of her perfect face. Her beauty produced a great im-pression on the Court. She was Juno and Niobe in one or both by turns.

reach the witness-box," he added, sweetly, "my lins are, of course, scaled." Mr. Kenneth Fraser was a skillful cross-examiner, and after a further passage of arms—if the dett caution of the Scotchman and the unctuousness of the physician may be so called—Mr. Fraser was compelled to beat a retreat, quitting Brighton no wiser than he came, save for the conviction that he had formed that in Sir Marcus Bland the Universal would have a tough adversary.

Dogget fared no better at York. The doctor who had attended Major Macdonald during the last few days of his life in that city was more confiding than the Brighton physician had proved to be, but his sympathies also were enlisted on the other side. The York physician frankly told the detective that in his judgment the Universal had no case. "You have not a leg to stand on—you have not indeed," he sfirmed. "Major Macdonald died a perfectly natural death. His constitution was completely broken down by his long residence in India before his return. He acknowledged as much as that to me, and he was in extremis when I saw him."

The detective spent some time looking up the chambermaids in the hotel where Major Macdonald had died; but the wonderful beauty of Mrs. Macdonald, her unexampled devotion, too, as a sick nurse, and her manifestations of poignant distress over his death (whether real or imaginary hung in doubt), had so completely won over the wind the limit of the course of the continued of the unfortunate man from his grave, that it might prove a swift witness against the woman whom he had loved so well, and who had repaid him with all a wife's fondest devotion, too, as a sick nurse, and her manifestations of poignant distress over his death (whether real or imaginary hung in doubt), had so completely won over the

In the nature of the case there could be

In the nature of the case there could be no answer to the appeal. The written narrative of Colonel West was not evidence, and could not be alluded to.

A careful summing up from the Judge; and the jury, without turning around in their seats, gave their verdict unhesitatingly in favor of the widow: Mrs. Macdonald had triumbled. But the directors refused to accept the verdict, and gave notice of appeal; and in the hour of her triumph came the opportunity, which the directors had long coveted, of instituting criminal proceedings against her. Colonel West had returned, bringing with him a train of Indian witnesses ready to swear to suspicious

plexed the mind of the court again. No actual poison was found in the body. Such post mortem signs as were not obliterated by decomposition were attributed on the one side to the action of some unknown irritant poison, and on the other to the course of disease. Once more the absence of a link in the chain of evidence gave to Mrs. Mac-donald a renewal of her former triumph, and after a long consultation by the jury

she and her accomplice were acquidate of The Universal made the best possible use of a bad situation and paid over the money, with which the Major's widow disappeared to the Continent, on pleasure bent, carrying with her the faithful Ali.

her the faithful Ali.

Several years afterward the Star and Garter, a sister company, received a proposal for a heavy insurance on the life of a young lady. The name of the proposer was Madame Dejazet. Inquiries were instituted which led to the discovery that Madame Dejazet was a person without the means to pay the annually recurring premiums, and that she was in fact none other than the infamous woman who had been tried and acquitted at York Assizes some years before for the murder of Hector Macdonald.

Once more she disappeared to be heard of

the Home Secretary to order an exhumation of the remains, and a Coroner's inquest if the result of the post mortem required it."

It must be confersed that the Universal was in a singular dilemma. On the one hand they had nothing except the written narrative of Colonel West and the remarkable good health enjoyed by the Major up to the time of his effecting his insurance to base a single suspicion upon, although it was onen to discounted the summer fears before lor the murder of Hector Macdonald.

Once more she disappeared to be heard of for the last time. In a low, filthy den in the East End of Dondon a woman was found lying dead in her bed with a knife of Indian workmanship plunged to the hilt in her breast. She had uttered no cry, given vent to no groan as she passed to her Maker. A single suspicion upon, although it was onen to dissolute Hindoo who had lived with her was tried for the murder, sentenced to death

His name was Ali Sen.

THE END Next Saturday, "REVEALED BY FIRE."

THE AUTOMATIC CHAIR. Drop a Penny Into the Slot and Get a Sent-

It Might Prove Expensive. Visitors to London commonly complain that there is nowhere to sit down. Says the London Globe: Our streets are absolutely seatless; there are a few benghes in our public buildings, but they are hard and comfortless, and, hard and comfortless as they are, are nearly always accompanied by the professional loafer, to the exclusion of anyone else. In the park, it is true, there are plenty of seats, but in the public ones the sitter is haunted by the fear that previous occupants have not been all that might be desired in the way of personal habits, and in the private ones he (or she) is perpetually bothered by the collector coming round to collect his dues. There really may be a future, therefore, for the automatic chair, which has lately been brought

The mechanism is simple. The seat of the chair is hinged at the back, and in its normal position is folded up against the back and cannot be pulled down. But by dropping a penny into a sit in the usual man-ner the seat is released and can be pulled down and sat upon. It is possible, how-ever, in practice that the behavior of the chair when the sitter gets up may lead to difficulties. For, like the strapontins with which theaters are frequently content power. which theaters are frequently seated nowa-days, the seat when released from the sitter's weight at once resumes its normal position, and can only be sat upon again on payment of another penny. So that to an ex-citable gentleman, who frequently got up to admire the view, the seat might prove an expensive convenience. The inventors state, however, that this arrangement can be altered by leaving a stick, or an unbrella, or even a newspaper on the seat when one rises. But if that be so, the youth'ul pirates of the street will not be slow to find it out, and by means of a stone or a stick will keep these seats down forever-or, at least, until the policeman comes around. Still, the idea is said to have been extensively adopted in Paris, so it may well be tried in

A BOLD FREEBOOTER.

How a Famous Outlaw Shaved a Policema

Who Was Looking for Him. The following story is current in the Indian Press as an illustration of the fearless andacity and defiant spirit of the famous border treebooter, Tantia Bheel. A native police officer with a body of police recently set out in pursuit of this dacoit and halted at a spot near one of his tavorite haunts. A barber entered, whose service the officer requisitioned. Forthwith the man shaved requisitioned. Forthwith the man shaved the policeman, chatting freely of the dacoit and his doings. "Ah," he said at Inst, "there's only one way of catching Tantia." "And how is that?" "In this way," said the barber, shaving off the tip of the Jemadan's nose; "I am Tantia."

The pseudo-barber bolted forthwith into the jungle, leaving the unfortunate officer streaming with blood, and frantically calling upon his men to follow the runaway. It is needless to say that Tantia made good his escape.

SHIRLEY DARE talks to the readers of to-morrou's DIS PACTOR on lown airs and graces, and describes some comfortable and stunning outstance.

AMONG THE RED MEN

Life of a School Teacher in the Far Off Indian Territory.

GLORIOUS SUNSETS IN THE WEST

Ration Day Celebrated After the Style of Fourth of July.

A HAPPY AND INCREASING PAMILY

RED ROCK, OTOE AGENCY, I. T., May 20, 1889.

Oh, the glorious sunsets of the West! It has been raining almost all day, a rain that came by jerks and in big drops, but it has finally cleared up "cloudy and cool." save in the west, where the sun is setting behind a ridge of golden clouds that rims the whole western horizon. The cattle are lowing and returning homeward, as they did when Gray wrote his elegy in a country church yard; and it seems that all things living have fled and left the schoolroom to darkness and to

When I came into the schoolroom this evening I found, half reclining against the organ, a little dark face waiting for me. I could searcely see him but for the huge bunch of jacco he held in his hands. He said: "Here are some flowers for you." I took them, admired them, and said I would put them in water. He lingered. I knew before I took the flowers that he wanted something, and I said: "Harry, you want something, don't you?" "Yes," he said, "colored chalk," emphasizing the colored. Could I retuse? This people and their children are dipiomats. They know how to get just what they want, although many a handsome bouquet of sweet prairie flowers do I receive without the donor having one selfish wish.

A QUESTION OF EDUCATION.

The Indian boys are butchering a cow for the school. The Indian policemen are on hand to help a little, and to get the delicious morsels that are not used by us of higher civilization; but, as they often reason, "we eat what you wouldn't ent and you eat what we wouldn't touch." All a question of education. Not one bit of the cow will be wasted, but all carried off and made use of in some way. They drove the moor thing

wasted, but all carried off and made use of in some way. They drove the poor thing behind the barn and shot her in the presence of the other cows that were waiting to be milked. They looked on in sympathy, and wandered about uneasily, wondering if they would share the same fate.

The school was closed yesterday for a Max picnic. We all went down into the woods bordering on Red Rock creek and swung played, rowed and ate our dinner. The Indian children were in their element, children of nature as they are. The boys attempted to row in an old dug-out that tipped from side to side. Indian like, the girls awing the boys.

The substantial dinner for the children

The substantial dinner for the children The substantial dinner for the children was eaten with a relish, followed by the dainties partaken of by the white folks. The fragments of the white folks' dinner were given to the Indian women and babies who followed us as the street Arabs follow a plenic at home, "afar off," but on hand when dinner is ready. They enjoyed the bits of cheese, cake and pie, meat, etc., etc. and had an abundance even of the scraps. The dogs were not forgotten. In the back ground were several Indians on horses, who were too backward to come and eat withou were too backward to come and eat withou

an invitation. QUITE A CHANGE.

Night has settled down on Otoc. The golden-rimmed clouds have departed and left dark leaden ones. The policemen who lingered for their share of the dead cow art railing home through the long, wet grass their respective tepers, with old coffee sack slung on their backs filled with the offalchoice meat to them. The cow that was ful of life an hour ago lies quartered in the mea shop. What a strange, strange world this is. The weak are overpowered by the strong; i is one constant struggle for one's rights, and a continual warfare with self or others, and

a strife for life, but to die at last.

Morning has dawned; beautiful, bright clear and cool. This is ration day. This i kind of a conference, a picnic and an independence day for the Indians. They have on all their best clothes. The women committed environment handsome beaded blankets, face painted environments. painted, earrings, beads, breastpins and bracelets until they are weighted so tha walking is an exertion. The variegated umbrelias and parasols are out this morning Many have the beautiful red, white and blue ones, cotton and not fast colors either and the first rain clouds them terribly.

The interpreter has just come in to see i his son had drawn any new pictures on the board. The interpreter has two wive who are sisters. They live happily together without any quarreling, and are raising a large family of smart children. We have five of them in school, and one is a natural artist. The others are sharp and shrewd, but have inherited some of the mean traits of the mean white blood that is in their veins. The interpreter was dis charged not long ago, and his brother put

A HAPPY FAMILY.

THE KING OF TROUT CAUGHT.

A Yankee Fisherman Lands a Big Beauty After a Struggle.

The king of Eastern Connecticut trou was caught the other day in an East Killingly stream by A. C. Oatley, of that town On the day following its capture it weighed just four pounds and three ounces. Mr. Oatley, who was fishing with a light fir rod, saw the trout in a broad, deep pool be fore he threw his hook into the water, and the sight made him nervous. Said he:

"I looked first at the trout very cautiously, and then I looked at the little red, and I was afraid for the red; I thought it would never stand the strain if I hooked the chap. But I threw in and in less than half a wink things hum about there then. I was just 17 minutes in tuckering him out, and he acted very curiously from the start. He made no attempt to break for either up stream or down, but started in a circle, and kept it up until I killed him. Round and round that pool he went till I fairly got dizzy looking at him; but after a while he slowed up, and Mr. Oatley had an offer of \$5 for the treat as soon as he reached home with his prize from an ardent sportsman, Dr. Hammond,

from an ardent sportsman, Dr. Hammond, of Dayton. He wouldn't take it.
Mr. Oatley, though he works for small wages in a Killingly mill, is an enthusiastic fisherman. He fishes with a \$15 rod and has taken many notably large trout. The Oatley fish is the biggest brook trout that has been taken in Connecticut in years. Several years ago Mr. Andras, a wealthy sportsman, caught an Eastern Connecticut trout that weighed a trifle over five pounds, and he had a plaster east taken of the fish. and he had a plaster cast taken of the fish. A stream one mile west of this city is noted for its big trout. Two pounds and a half, three pounds four pounds and a four pounds and a half trout have been taken from it.

An Eel in a Tight Place,

New York Telegram.] A stoppage of water in the Jefferson Marke building to-day was found to be caused by the clogging up of the pipes by an eel measuring 35 inches. Engineer Savin made the discovery and removed the cause,

ROBERT BROWNING -Oline Wes